

## The Triumph of the Rev. Mr. Wigram

to old Abel Green. "There's no houdin'

short and stout, and panted as he hobbled the old folks who went to the Cask-lane along the narrow and twisted Bridge street, | Chapel by the ears. And just as he was which ran with the bend of the river through Trentborough. "There ain't that." he repeated, after he had thought the mat-

ter over, to give emphasis to his opinion. minds, o' their own, but I tell'd thee what an' they'll stop good enough for us now," 'ud cum o' hevin' young parsons. An' now | was the way they argued. And when the it's cum. Chapel ain't like what it wor when Peter Watts wor here."

"No, it ain't," said Abel; and then, after gwhile? he repeated: "It ain't that."

"In course he didn't please th' young folk. but then th' young 'uns edn't need ter pay knaws abaat them as pays th' piper.

"Oh, aye, thou'rt reight theer," added Abel. Setween the panting.

The pavement was very narrow, and he walked on the cobblestones in the roadway. He was used to exercise. Indeed, he rarely left his shop-where he sold pots and pans and iron bedsteads and screwdrivers, fireirons and toast racks-except on Tuesdays, when he had a stall in the wide market place for the convenience of the country people who came to Trentborough by the packet, on the river, or drove in great lumpainter on their sides like ships: "Mary Ann," "Perseverance," "The Golden Fly,"

"Will b' th' Wisp," and what not.

On Sindays he went to chapel twice, and he always said it did him good; he felt fresher. Perhaps the fact that Sunday mornings was the occasion on which he put on a clean white shirt, to be worn continuously through the coming week, had something to do with his cheeriness. Once he ventured to put on a clean shirt on a Saturday because he was going to a funeral but after Mrs. Green had given him her opinios on such waste, and pointed out that it wasn't Christian for him to go round with the collection plate in a shirt that had already been worn a day, he never offended in a similar manner.

Silas Lee was inclined to be what is called, "scraggy," and he was taller than Abel Green. His hair was thin and gray, and his beard was thin and ragged. He was a drayer, a nervous, worrying man, generally discontented.

The pair of deacons trudged along Bridge street; It was a dirty street and ill lit, the houses high, and some bulging as though inclined to tumble into the road beneath.

"But I thinks," said Silas Lee, after a long plause, "we ought 'er put a stop ter it. It ain't reight as you an' me, an' them as works 'ard, an' Joe Banks, an' Tredwell an' Jin Grey's son, who are th' main prop, as 'twere, o' th' chapel, should put up wi' young Wigram's carryin's-on. We mi't just as well go to th' parish church if we're goin' ter hev all this intonin' business, fust parson an' then th' congregation singin' things in a way I niver heard tell on, an' then fur th' congregation ter dry up so as th' choir mightn't be spoilt-an' then them hymnt, didst iver hear aught like 'em? 'There Is a 'Appy Land, Far, Far Away,' that's the soort o' hymn as I like, wi' plenty o' toul in it, so as we can all sing; an' then, when we gets worked up like, ter sing last two verses over agen whil' th' collection's bein' finished in th' gallery." "That's trew enough," said Abel, in

paren' hesis. "It's not as I objec's ter anybody worshiping their own gait, but-but, why, last Sund'y he act'ly wore a gown thing, a surplice-like, they calls it. Well, I ain't, fur one, a-goin' ter stand it. These fal-ials an' sighlike all leads to Popery, an' we're not comin' ter that-not just yet, any-

ways.? "I'm just-just wonderin'," panted Abel, who was doing his best to keep pace with his friend, "what-what'll 'appen supposin'

he'll not-not giv' ovver these things." The draper thought for a moment. "Well, I reckon somethin' 'll 'appen like when we got rid o' Watson. Some on us 'll just furget te" pay our subscriptions, an' then, as parsons can't live on air no more than tradesfolks, he'll just look out fur an-

other pulpit." "Ah," sighed the other, "that wor a bad business. Folks did say as we starved him

"Niver mind what folks say. We've got our duty by th' chapel ter do, an' somethin's got ter be done at chapel meetin' ter-night. I was mysen niver great shakes fur Mr. Wigram. Th' fust day I sees him wi' his collar on back'ards an' a choker wais-coat, just like a 'stablished curate, I knawed fat 'ud soon get i' th' fire."

"I taink it wor-wor Mr. Wightman, out at th' Manor," supplemented the dealer in hardware, "that really bro't 'im here. Mr. Wightman hed a long purse, an', in course, it's well ter humor them kind o' folks." "In course; but Mr. Wightman's dead

"Ayo, but-but there's Miss Wightman, an'-ah' she's been contributin' 'andsome." "That lass wi' her Lunnon frocks an' her Lunnon hats an' her Lunnon airs-she's niver bought now't at my shop, not even a ribbin-ain't much good."

"But my wife says as how she's noticed summat," remarked Abel, giving a twist to his thick neck, and looking up at the face of his friend by the light of a flickering gas

"Noticed summat, hes she?"

"Aya, so she says, an' I thinks she thaat reight. It's said as how Mr. Wigram's hangin' 'is 'at up in Miss Wightman's 'all." "Oh!" exclaimed Silas Lee. "I shouldn't wunder at now't he does. It's 'er money

'e's after." The other wagged his head complacently. "Oh; well, I dessay he knows which side 'is bread's buttered on. Th' owd man left 'er iverythin', and', I hev 'eard tell as how it's not much less 'an a thousan' a year. In course, there's no sayin' that she'll hev

"There's no accountin' for wimmin's

tastes," said Silas. The pair turned down a narrow way which branched at right angles from the rickety main street. It was here that the chapel was situated, a gaunt, plain building covered with plaster and marked with lines to get up some semblance that it was built of square blocks of stone. There was a big white glass lamp over the doorway, but the chapel-keeper had been so intent keeping it clean that he had washed away, all the lettering telling to what denomination the place belonged. It was not lit to-night, but one of the double doors stood open. The two deacens knew their way well enough in the dark, and, passing into the chapel, they saw a light at the end of one of the side aisles, coming from the

door of the vestry. The meeting of the deacons and half a dozen prominent subscribers had been called "to consider the management of the chapel affairs." Everybody knew it was really, to consider what should be done with the Rev. Walter Wigram, B. A., the

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER

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The Rev. Walter Wigram was a young young uns nowadays," said old Silas Lee man. That is, he was about thirty. His "There ain't that," said Abel, who was | wide-awake city of Delchester, had set all determined on rousing them up, "keeping | those now assembled." abreast of the times," he called it, the more fixed were they to resist all fantastic innovations. "The owd days hev been good "Not that I objec's ter young 'uns hevin' enough for us these hund'ed year an' more, pastor saw he had, figuratively, put their

backs up, he rather enjoyed it. He was the first at that chapel meeting, save the twist-jointed old chapel-keeper. who had lit the gas and carelessly-to no purpose-run a duster round a dozen plain 'is salary. 'Twor us who hed ter find th' deal chairs, Joseph Banks, a miller, who 'und'ed an' twenty poun' a yar, an' that lived at the other end of the town, came in with a long red muffler wrapped about his throat. Then entered Silas Lee and

> "It's after 8 o'clock already," said the paster, when he had shaken hands with the newcomers, "I'm afraid our meeting will be a small one."

"Then we'll be able to do more business an' less talk," volunteered Silas, blowing into the palms of his hands, for no fire had been lit. "We'd better giv' 'em a bit o'

Mr. Wigram leant over the little harmonium, which was used as an imbering carriers' carts, which had names | promptu desk when meetings were held, and turned over the pages in a minute-

> Young Dyer, the lawyer, dropped in. "I think now't o' 'im," muttered the draper to his neighbor; "he's on th' side o' th' pastor."

"Oh, aye!" "But we'll see; we'll see!"

Very slowly there were new arrivals. No one spoke; but everybody sat uneasily on The miller gave an occasional tug at his the hard chairs and felt cold. Tredwell, the chemist in the Market-place, created a little commotion when he came in, complaining there was no fire, and Jimmy Grey, the younger, was the cause of a gurgle passing round by remarking they would probably soon be all warm enough.

Things are taken very leisurely in Trentborough, and it was nearly half-past eight before the pastor made the remark they had better begin. Nobody manifested any

"This meeting is called," he said, "at the requisition of two of our most esteemed fellow-workers to consider and to discuss and to decide upon the future management and control of our services. Personally, I motive than to endeavor to raise, to beautify, and to adorn a service which we must all admit has, in times that are past, shewn a tendency to degenerate into more humdrum, prosaic, and, I may even say, deadand-alive conventionality. Of course, I do not know what it is that our esteemed and worthy brethren desire, but-"

"I'll just tell thee what it is," said Silas Lee, whose fuming instantly reached the boiling-point. He could no longer sit quietly while the pastor slowly picked his words. "I'll tell thee what it is, an' no humbug. We've just had abaat enough o' thee, an' that's th' long an' short on't, an' th' end | ister.

With that he sat bolt upright. His eyes rolled and he pulled at his beard as though he wanted to get rid of it. "This precipitancy on the part of a single

and, I believe, an unsupported member of

"Well, you call it precip'y or whativer you likes, but I ain't alone. There's Mester

"Perhaps Mr. Green will be able without external assistance to state his views for himself," said the pastor. Now, Abel Green was no orator. His

round face blushed scarlet when he was thus directly appealed to, and he stammered and pulled his fingers all round the rim of his hat feeling where the end was. "In course," he said, "I hes my own opin-

ions. All on us hes; that's no-nobbut reight, is it? In course, I-I don't exac'ly. say as how I agrees with all Mester Wigram says like, an' does like, but-an' maybe that's my fault an' maybe it's his'n. I'm nobbut a plain-a plain man like th' rest on yer an'-an' I likes plain things like, an' ther'fo' I mun say that-er-mind I don't set mysen up as a 'thority like-but | the determined attitude of the pastor. things that Mester Wigram likes ain't-

his arm across the back of the chair in but come what will I am not to be bullied. plain himself."

Abel Green was flurried, but Silas Lee | body stood up and sang: came to his aid.

asked, with a faint scowl, "We're all ekal | Old Trentborough during the next few 'ere, lawyers an' pastors an' millers an' th' | weeks was roused from its drowsiness by rest. An' I doan't think it's becomin' o' a | the turn things had taken at the Cask-lane new member o' th' congregation, who Chapel. Everybody knows everybody else's wasn't born when I wor a Sund'y school | business in the town, and when the tradesteacher, ter cum 'ere an'-"

munity that we conduct our meetings with | the White Hart Hotel, half a dozen verpastor, "and not permit them to fall into | the meeting. The popular version was that unseemly gatherings or disorderly spirits." | the parson told old Silas that if he didn't 'ere meetin'. I reckon we ought ter hev | was any more nonsense he would take him our say an' them as likes can talk when by the scruff of the neck and pitch him we've done," urged Silas Lee, the corners | into the street. of his mouth working. "It's not them as | The consequence was that for the followcontributes only two poun' ten a year' - ing few Sundays the chapel was packed. and he looked fixedly at the young lawyer | Silas Lee kept away to show his indigna-

managin' o' this 'ere place." "I was not aware," said the lawyer, ten to such a proposition. somewhat nettled, and nervously stroking "I dunno whether pastor be reight or no

"When thou gets owder thou'lt know better then," was the answer he received. "I'm thinkin," said Tredwell, the chemist, who was stamping his foot impatiently, "that if money's to be reckoned somebody

besides Mr. Lee will have a voice." "Oh, I'm not denyin' that." said Silas. "And if I may be permitted to put in a word," observed the pastor in smooth, round tones. "I would say that if the considerations are to be of an entirely pecuniary and financial character, without coming to the easy-going, slumbrous old due appreciation of the higher and more town of Trentborough from the bustling, lofty motives which should animate us, there is one member of our congregation, not here this evening, who would have a better right to pass judgment than any of

> "An' who be he?" inquired Silas, testily. "I am referring to Miss Wightman, who since and also before the lamented decease of her much respected father has done

> "Oh, aye, we knaws abaat 'er," added Silas, "but she's a wumman, an' doan't count."

"Hold hard a bit," interrupted the chemist, slowly pulling himself to his feet, "that isn't fair. We aren't here to talk about Miss Wightman, but we're here to consider whether the way Mr. Wigram conducts the service is agreeable to us or not." "That's it, that's it!" said old Abel Green with the joy of a man in the dark seeing a

light at last. "An' ain't that just what I've been arguing all along?" put in Silas Lee.

"We never heard you." "Well, I've thought it, an' it's all th' same. Yer see, it's like this 'ere-"

"Whatever criticism," said Mr. Wigram, "there is to be passed on the manner I have discharged my high duties as your pastor had better be explicitly and clearly formu-

"'Ear, 'ear!" some one observed, and Silas Lee, feeling he was not the man, subsided, muttering that some folks must have their own way.

The chemist explained the difficulties of the situation. Silas jerked his head once or twice to give approval, but felt that Tredwell was not as severe as he should be. Abel ejaculated "Oh, aye!" at several irrelevant points and was then confused at discovering he had made an exclamation. tight-fitting cotton collar over his gray flannel shirt and rubbed his hand on his unshaven chin in some perplexity. The lawyer, who saw amusement in the proceedings, leant his arms over the chair back

The pastor pretended to be perfectly unconcerned. He put his elbows on the top of the harmonium and seemed intent on drawing geometrical designs with his pencil on a slip of paper bearing the numbers of last Sunday's hymns.

"I doan't knaw as I've owt ter say mysen," put in Silas Lee, as soon as the chemist had finished. "Sure there's one or two things I do think Mester Tredwell mi't hev put more strong, but what they be's just now furget. Anyways, what's meant's clear eno', as unless ther's a halteration I dunno see how as ther's any other course but fur Mester Wigram ter

But the Rev. Walter Wigram was neither inclined to resign nor give way. They talk plain, do the chapel folks at Trentborough, and although the pastor's remarks were interlaid with much that was verbose, there was no mistaking what he meant. He recalled the histories of his three predecessors, and alluded, with sarcasm, to the starvation method of getting rid of a min-

Silas winced and Abel opened his eyes in mute astonishment at the awful accu-

yer should talk fer th' deacons like this Sund'y mornin' when I'm busy cookin' th'

and the draper swayed himself on his chair thee on wi' thee white shirt an' get off ter Green 'ere along o' me, if I may speak for and puckered up his lips like a man who wanted to whistle but could not.

> "It is not," said Mr. Wigram, "that I have an antipathy to a full and friendly consideration of how the worship in this chapel should be conducted; it is not that I deny there are two sides to the question, every cup of tea in Trentborough. If the he stammered-which was an unusual thing but I protest against and combat the percustom with this congregation. It is large congregation, much too large for our little chapel, and time might better be spent in getting together funds to build a

an' a peal o' bells an' maybe incense, eh?"

mind on a new chapel in Trentborough. "Perhaps"-ventured the lawyer, leaning let those who care stop their subscriptions The meeting was dumfounded, but every- Wigram.

"Lord, now we part in Thy blest Name "An' isn't that what he is a doin'?" he In which we have here together came." men met in the evening, as was their wont "I think it befits us as a religious com- from time immemorial, in the bar-parlor of a due sense of decorum," interrupted the | sions were given of what had happened at "Well, as I an' Mester Green called this like it he could lump it, and that if there

do the same, but Mrs. Green would not lis-

back his moustache, "that money had hevin' them anthem-like things an' him



ner-who can tell me about the greatest prophet?

Bobbie-I kin: me fadder's a plumber.

Dyspepsia Cure We have heard a great deal about "heart from correct. Most supposed heart trouble to heart talks." The little talks where

people get right down to honest reason, to common sense. You have no doubt at some time or other experienced the annoying and painful symptoms of indigestion. Digestion is the process by which nature transforms our food, by means of various juices called digestants,

into blood which is then carried throughout the body and used to make flesh, muscle, bone, nerve, brain and material of every kind of which the body is composed. Indigestion may arise from a variety of causes, but generally because some of the

are lacking. Undigested food gives you all kinds of

elements which make up the digestive juices

In the first place you have a most distressing feeling in your stomach, especially after eating. Soon this undigested food ferments, the gas distends the stomach, and in its efforts to escape, it causes belching. It also causes a pressure against the nerves and arteries leading to the heart, giving rise in the mind of the sufferer to the idea that he has heart trouble. Nothing could be further

is nothing more nor less than indigestion. Of course that is serious enough but you want to know where the seat of the trouble is, so you can treat it properly.

Again, such food as should be digested in

the stomach but is not digested there, passes into the intestines and bowels where it causes more trouble. The bowels become constipated or "clogged up", the waste matter is not passed off but is to some extent absorbed back in the system. This poisons the blood. Then what can you expect? Can any person think that this poisoned blood can make healthy flesh, healthy bone, healthy kidneys, healthy liver, healthy heart, or a clear, healthy, active brain? Is it any wonder that ninety five per cent of the American people have bodily afflictions? The whole point is this. If people would digest their food properly most human ills would disappear.

You no doubt would cure your indigestion if you knew how, wouldn't you? Certainly. Now if the digestive juices or fluids are lacking but we substitute something composed of exactly the same elements or ingredients, isn't it common sense that the result will be the same? If a certain

combination of elements will completely digest food in a glass tube or in a bottle, under proper conditions, isn't it common sense that the same elements will digest the food in the stomach? Of course it is; it can't help it. Several years were expended in perfecting a preparation that would do this very thing. The result was Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It contains every element necessary to the complete and perfect digestion of all classes of food.

Digests

what you

Eat

It permits you to eat all the good food you want and digest every particle of it without any aid whatever from the stomach, allowing the digestive organs to rest and regain their normal healthy condition and strength. By digesting all you eat, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure tones up the entire system. It will give you life, health, strength, ambition, a good appetite, sound, healthful sleep and pure, rich blood that will enable nature to correct many fils to which the other organs of your body may be subject.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure never fails to cure dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles, even after all other medicines have failed. Can there be any possible reason why it

Candid Heart to Heart Talks.

Dear Sirs:-I had suffered for years with stomach trouble and after doctoring with several doctors who did me no good and after being in bed three weeks at one time when I could eat nothing, and my heart troubled me and ached so at times that I thought I was going to die, a friend recom-mended your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. After I began taking the first bottle. I commenced to improve at once and my appetite began to improve. Now after taking two bottles, I am so that I can eat anything and everything. I cannot recommend too highly the Kodol Dyspepsia Cure to all sufferers with stomach trouble and indigestion, and would say to all that if you will only try it, you will be cured as I am now, after having spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and getting no better, while a few bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure made me well.-Yours most respectfully, Mrs. Julia Hursh, Butte des Morts, Wis.

write you concerning the good qualities of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I had a stomach trouble of four years standing, which was so bad at times I was forced to abandon business and remain in bed. I had tried physicians and all kinds of

dyspensia tablets in vain. At last through the recommendation of my druggist I tried a bottle of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. The effect was highly gratifying, as I received immediate relief and less than two bottles effected a complete cure. I never travel without a bottle of Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure in my valise. It does the work quickly and thoroughly and I cannot say too much in its praise.-Yours truly Geo. R. Colbath, Alpena, Mich.

Luke J. Collins of East Windsor, New York deposes and says that he has been troubled with dyspepsia for two years, having acidity

Dear Sirs:-It gives me great pleasure to of the stomach (heartburn) and indigestion so that he took no comfort from eating any kind of food, but after having tried prescriptions from several physicians without any permanent relief, by taking two bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure he appears to be cured.—Luke J. Collins.

Sworn and subscribed to before me on the 13th day of June, 1901.—Geo. E. Collins, Notary Public.

Gentlemen:-I have sold all the Kodol Dyspepsia Cure I bought of you and ordered twice from the jobber. I recommend on my own accord every bottle of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure I sell and haven't heard of a single complaint. Yours, Jno. P. Isterling, Corydon Junction, Ind.

Dear Sirs:-- After seven years of suffering from chronic indigestion, I was finally cured by using three bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.-Mrs. Annie Alcorn, Meredith.

Drepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1.00 bottle contains 21/2 times as much (by actual measurement) as the trial size which sells for 56 cents.

## Cures all stomach troubles

that coloured sash thing on 'is back," said Popery at all, but 'cause he's a Marster | were all turning over in their minds what | be sure to end in a catastrophe, had spent o' Arts, or summat; a honor like he got at "'Tain't th' thing, Mester Wigram, that a-goin' to ha' thee philandering abaat o' a the tiptoe of expectation, especially a the articles and a sermon and read about 'ere," Silas at last found an opportunity dinner. Maybe thou'd like ter go rat-The retort of the pastor was cutting, works as lives down th' Ropery. No, no,

And as Abel was an obedient man, he continued to be one of the regular attenders

regular subscribers were to cut off the sup- | for him-and then blushed-also an unusual plies, where would the pastor be? But

new, a more handsome and more endurable to make ends meet at the chapel, shook | something remarkably like a cheer swept their heads; the hat had to go round every | through the pews, although it was Sun-"Aye," laughed Silas, "an' hev a tower | year to make up the deficiency, the women | day and the chapel was not a place to had to provide a bazaar whenever the place | cheer in. Most of the congregation stood No one took any notice of the interrup- wanted repairing, and it was necessary to up, and everybody talked, and many ran tion. They were all too much struck with have a jumble sale every autumn to pro- forward and shook the pastor by the hand vide coals for heating the place during "And I," he added, "intend to proceed the winter months. Still, was it possible near the door-handy for slipping out with ain't the same as I 'ud like mysen, you on my way as I think best. I have set my others might increase their subscriptions? the plate while people's heads were still There was Miss Wightman, who now came | bowed praying, so that those who wished He stopped for a moment to take breath. Let those who wish to hinder me do so; regularly to both services every Sunday, to contribute a second time might have an whereas when her father was alive she opportunity of doing so-got as near swearonly came in the morning. She was rich, ing that night as he ever did in his life. front of him-"perhaps Mr. Green will ex- And now I think we had better disperse." | and understood to be on the side of Mr. | He said: "By gum!" and then he said:

But as a matter of fact nobody knew anything.

they would see what they would see. There was a quarter's salary almost due to the parson, and the roof of the chapel wanted repairing, and some new forms were needed for the schoolroom, and a nice bill for plastering up a broken piece of the wall. Well, well, they would see, they would see! The pastor refused to discuss the matter,

but people noticed he was in better spirits than usual, and wondered what was the trump card he had up his sleeve. When that card was played it was a pity deep-laden coal barges.

Silas Lee was not at the chapel to witness the game. The chapel was crowded, as it always was on Sunday evenings, because the Rev. Mr. Wigram had a popular, voluble style which Trentborough thought was eloquence, and also because since his com--"that ought ter hev biggest voice in th' tion. He suggested to Abel Green he should ing the singing had been vastly improved, and a solo had actually been sung on three occasions by Miss Noble, who attended all the little fea meetings and charity concerts given in the town.

Besides, there was no dinner to get ready on Sunday evenings, and the women attended in large numbers. Young shopmen who had gone for a walk in the morning, or youths who were engaged in the big iron works which disfigured one side of the quaint old town, and had lain in bed tid the dinner hour because they were tired, came with their sweethearts and sat in the gallery and wrote messages to one another on the fly leaf of the hymn books and put pennies in the collection plate. And the evening service always seemed the brightest and most cheerful and comforta-

It was the Sunday night before the usual quarterly meeting of the congregation was held, which was to be on the Wednesday. "I desire," said Mr. Wigram, after the

second hymn had been sung; "that the members of this congregation and those who are in sympathy with the work carried on in this place do kindly remain after the close of the present service, for I have something of importance to communicate; important to this congregation, and, I may add, of importance to myself as the pastor of the congregation."

There was a gentle rustle of excitement through the pews, and everybody turned to his neighbor and put on a significant look. It was noticed, however, that for the first time in several months Miss Wight man was not present.

Not many of those assembled paid much | which he bad attended over forty years, Trentborough congregation largely com-

The service was over. The benediction

had been pronounced, the pastor had slipped into the vestry and taken off his gown, and then slipped back again while a voluntary was played. But nobody moved. Then, standing by the side of the communion table, the Rev. Mr. Wigram told the congregation what he had to tell. There was great silence while he did so. First thing for him-and gave his hearers some information which inclined them to laugh.

Steadying himself by the rail, he gave them some other information. For a moment Some folks, who knew how hard it was there was quiet, and then the next moment Abel Green, who was sitting in his pew

He actually forgot the supplementary collection. "Old Silas mun' hear abaat this." Old Silas Lee shook his head and said he muttered, as he speedily hobbled out of the chapel into Cask-lane and turned down Bridge street. "Dang me, but he will be

floored! Who'd a' thot it?" "Who'd a' thot it?" he kept repeating to himself as he hurried along the narrow street, now on the pavement, now in the roadway, for in places the path is not sufficiently wide for two pedestrians to pass. The mental excitement and the heat engendered by rapid progression made him pant like a steam tug drawing a trio of

"Is Silas in?" he asked between a puff and a gasp, mounting the two hollowedout stone steps before the door of the house in which old Lee lived.

"Oh, yis, he's in th' back sittin' room," answered Mrs. Lee, as thin as her lord, pressing her back up against the wall of the narrow passage to permit the steaming form of the cash dealer in hardware to go by.

through and pushing open the door. would not go to the Cask-lane Chapel, that worn' ter be knawn until after 'is

attention to the sermon that evening. They and which he believed in his absence would they were likely to hear. It was unwise, the evening reading a paper. It was a college. Howsomever that be, I'm not perhaps, to put a whole congregation on religious paper, and having gone through the heresy of some Scotch minister, he was, time, reading through the advertisements when his friend entered.

> He looked at him over the rim of his spectacles. "Well," he said, "I didn't expec' thee at this time o' night." Abel sat down on a hard, straight-backed

"He's dun it!" he said, with a jerk. "Who?" asked Silas. "Th' pastor. He tell'd us at th' chapel ter-night, an'-an' there wor a scene."

Silas Lee rubbed his hands and a smile found birth among the lines at the corners "Just so, just so," he muttered. "I tho't it' 'ud cum ter that. Well, he's 'umbled now. An' so he's resigned, hes 'e?"

"Resigned, be hanged!" said Abel.

"There'll be none resignin' these twenty "What?" demanded the other, shrilly. "Well, it's like this 'ere, if ye'll only giv' a man time ter get his wind an' ter speak,' proceeded Abel, folding his arms across the lower part of his waistcoat, as though to regulate his breathing. "He ax'd all th' congregation to houd on a bit after th'

service, as he wanted ter tell 'em summat |

-summat partic'lar. An'-an' Silas, what

d'ye think it wor?" "I dunno!" answered Silas, sharply, "That he wor a-goin' ter be married!" Abel waited to see what effect his intelligence would have on his friend. Being the bearer of important news, he liked to dispense it slowly, and so prolong the ex-

"Well, that's now't wunderful; mos' fools gets married," was all Silas remarked. "Aye, but ter Miss Wightman!" "In course, in course; who'd a' tho't o' anyone else, after the way he's been a-car-

ryin' on these months?" "An' what else d' yer think?" "Now, look 'ere, what's th' good o' axin' me what that-that man i' sheep's clothin'

'ud do?" "Nay, nay," said Abel, with a chuckle, "not he, but she."

"Yis, an' that's th' rummest part on't. You knaw it wor owd Wightman what bro't 'im 'ere 'cause pastor wor a fav'rit' "Then I've summat mighty 'portant ter o' his'n. An' when 'e died, which wor a tell 'im," remarked Abel, walking straight | year ago nex' Tuesday-for, you mind it wor i' th' Mart week-he left summat in Silas Lee, having made up his mind he is will; a codysile, or summat like that,



"She!"

Mr. Jackson-Ivs ob de first watch, Mrs. Blacklock.

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## ROCK ISLAND chair, rested his hands on his knees, and puffed out his cheeks while he struggled to ROUTE

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dorter wor a-goin' ter be married. Well, asides 'is fortin which he left ter 'er, there wor another six thousan' o' which he wor only to get principal like while he lived, and then it wor ter go ter some cousins in Ameriky, or Asher, or Africky, I dunno which. But-an' here comes th' rum partif she wor ter get married to Mester Wigram, as owd Wightman said it wor 'is 'eart's desire like, then all th' six thousan' wer ter go to'rds buildin' o' a chapel, o' which Mester Wigram wor ter be th' pastor in-in perpe- Summat!"

Silas Lee's face had drawn out considerably, but he said nothing. "Now, ain't it wunderful as them two should a' fallen i' love like, an' them knaw about th' money?" asked Abel, who felt like a lawyer expounding a difficult prob-

lem. "Humph!" "An' I' course, as he tell'd us ter-night, he's a-goin' ter build th' chapel in Trentborough, an' it's ter hev same trustees as Cask-lane, an' th' two places are ter be 'malgamated like."

"Humph!" "An' all this ter hev happened when we tho't we hed 'im i' a corner! Why, th' 'ole congregations' blubberin' an' blubberin' ovver 'im now! We're just abaat beat, that's it, Silas. I'm goin' ter let bygones be bygones, for, yer knaw, they'll maybe want a lot o' fresh pots an' pans when they're married."

"Humph!" "It just seems ter me, Silas, that th' Lord's ben workin' on 'is side all along." "I don't know abaat th' Lord workin' on 'is side" said Silas Lee, looking sadly into the fire, "but I will confess he's a clever chap, is that Mester Wigram. But nobody 'll iver get me ter think he didn't knaw abaat that money afore and. But, as yer say, it's just likely that they may want some drapery stuff when they're married. Yis, they're a'most sure ter want a lot o' things as I sells."

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